

Halloween: Immortals

by Kenny0208

Category: Halloween, Wonder Woman

Genre: Horror, Supernatural

Language: English

Characters: Michael M.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-10-11 03:17:28

Updated: 2013-03-24 11:16:47

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:05:57

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,645

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: It's Halloween again in Haddonfield, and evil has come home once again. But this time, there's one person with the power to stop him for good.

Halloween: Immortals

**\_\*\*The Nightmare Isn't Over\*\*\_**

\_The air was thick with smoke. Bodies were scattered across the room. My breath caught when I recognized one of them as the Sherriff.\_

\_It felt like some terrible dream. I was completely numb; I couldn't feel anything but the crippling fear. Somehow, I found myself at one of the jail cells.\_

\_It was empty. The bars were bent and twisted. The door hung off its hinges. Michael was gone.\_

"\_No." I begged, fighting back the tears. "No! please, no."\_

"\_It's time to go, Jamie," a deep voice said behind me. Before I could look, a strong pair of arms grabbed me from behind.\_

"\_Let me go!" I started screaming and kicking, but it was no use. I felt someone slap me across the face, hard; I blacked out briefly. When I came to, it was dark, and I felt like I was inside a sleeping bag that had been zipped all the way up.\_

\_Somebody picked me up and threw me over his shoulder. I almost cried out again, but I was still dazed from being hit.\_

"\_Take her out to the van." I heard another voice say. The one that was holding me started walking. I felt him shift slightly when he opened a door. I was then thrown in the back of a van, and I heard

the doors slam shut.\_

\_After a moment, I felt less dizzy, so I started trying to get out of the bag. My foot hit something hard; it felt like a leg, but it wasn't moving. I found the zipper and started trying to pull it down. Before I could, though, I heard something outside.\_

"\_You are surrounded! Step away from the vehicle, and put your hands in the air!" a voice echoed.\_

\_Gunfire pierced the air. I heard some of the bullets punched through the van. I covered my ears with my hands, trying to block out the noise. My heart pounded in my chest as though it wanted to jump out of my body.\_

\_Then all of a sudden, everything went quiet. I waited for a minute before I started pulling the zipper again. It got stuck a few times, but I eventually pried it apart enough for me to crawl out. I finally pulled my feet loose from the bag and crawled toward the door of the van. Before I could open it though, I felt someone grab my ankle in a bone-crushing grip.\_

\_I screamed at the top of my lungs, "Help! Somebody Help me!"\_

"\_There's somebody in the van!" I heard a voice say. The door opened, and the hand let go. A man in a uniform grabbed me and held me in his arms.\_

"\_It's okay, kid. You're safe now!"\_

"\_No, it's him. He tried to get me!" I struggled to get away. I wanted to run as far away as possible.\_

"\_He's dead. They're all dead. No one's trying to get you."\_

\_He picked me up and started carrying me away from the van, toward the flashing red and blue lights. There were men in black trench coats lying motionless on the ground.\_

"\_No, he's not dead. He'll kill all of us!"\_

"\_She's really been through Hell," I heard another voice say.\_

"\_Let's just get her out of here. She's scared."\_

\_Then I heard an engine roar to life, and the tires screeched. I looked up from his shoulder to see the black van speeding away.\_

"\_Who the Hell's driving that van!" the officer shouted. Before anyone could answer, I heard it smash into another car and speed away. Several officers jumped into their own cars to chase after the van.\_

"\_It's ok, little girl," said the officer, putting me in the back of his car. "We'll get him. He's not gonna hurt you again."\_

\_He got in the driver's seat and picked up his radio. "We arrived on

the scene in the middle of an attempted kidnapping. There's a little girl here; she's pretty shaken. And we've got a suspect on the run. Officers are in pursuitâ€|"\_

\_I stopped listening to him after that. I pulled my knees up and hid my face in my hands. As I started crying, I knew that they would never catch him. He would keep coming after me until he killed me and everyone I loved. It would never be over.\_

**\*\*Five Years Later\*\***

Jamie sat alone at the kitchen table, eating a bowl of cereal. It wasn't often that she was up before her parents on a Saturday. Usually she'd sleep in on weekends, just like every other fourteen year old she knew. But lately, her sleep had been more restless.

Every year, around mid-September, the dreams would start again, awakening those dark memories and the feeling of dread. It would be about the time that the costumes started popping up in the stores, and the pumpkins and candy went on sale. Haddonfield was five years and over a hundred miles away, yet that still wasn't far enough.

She looked up toward the ceiling when she heard footsteps from upstairs. \_It's about time they got up,\_ she thought to herself. A minute later, her mother came through the kitchen door.

"Good morning, honey," she said, kissing her daughter on the forehead.

"Morning, mom," said Jamie.

"You sound tired; did you sleep last night?"

"A little bit," Jamie lied. She didn't want to burden her adoptive parents with her trauma, or their memoriesâ€|

"Did you want to go pick out a costume today?"

Jamie was silent for a moment, and then shook her head. "I don't really feel like dressing up this year. It's for babies anyway."

"Then why don't you go out with your friends?"

Jamie took a bite of cereal. "I think I'm just gonna stay in and watch scary movies with a bowl of popcorn." she said when she finished chewing.

Mrs. Corruthers sighed. "Maybe dad and I should stay home with you."

Jamie forced a smile, "I'll be fine by myself. You don't have to worry about me."

"Are you sure, sweetie?" she asked, stroking Jamie's hair.

"Yeah, you've been looking forward to the party for weeks. You deserve a night out."

"Okay," her mother answered quietly, sitting back in her chair.

"Honey," Mr. Corruthers was calling from upstairs. "Have you seen my red tie!?"

Mrs. Corruthers rolled her eyes. "I need to go help your father. I'll be right back."

She got up and walked up the stairs. When Mrs. Corruthers was out of sight, Jamie let her smile drop. It just didn't seem right on her face sometimes. She leaned forward with her face in her hands for a moment, rubbing her eyes. Then she stood up and gathered her dishes to put into the sink.

As she turned on the water, she noticed the calendar on the wall. October 29, it read. \_Two daysâ€¦!\_

THUD!

Jamie looked at the ceiling again when she heard the noise.

"Are you guys okay up there," she called, knowing they'd hear her, however muffled, through the floor. But there was no answer.

Jamie walked out of the kitchen to the foot of the stairs. She was listening for a sound or a voice, but everything was quiet. She slowly started to ascend the stairs.

The bathroom door was open slightly. She could hear the water running in the sink.

"Dad?" she said, just above a whisper. She slowly reached out her hand and pushed the door open the rest of the way. The bathroom was empty at first glance. Jamie reached over and turned off the water.

She was turning to walk back out when she noticed something dripping from the edge of the tub. It was thick and red. Jamie reached out a trembling hand and pulled the shower curtain back, and screamed.

Mr. Corruthers was slouched down, hanging from the shower head by his red tie. He had been stabbed several times.

"Mom!" Jamie called, running out of the bathroom. She ran down the hall to her parents' bedroom. She burst through the door.

"Mom?!" Mrs. Corruthers was lying on the bed. Her eyes were open, staring blankly up at the ceiling. Her robe was covered in blood.

Jamie screamed again and turned to go get help. She ran to the stairs and stopped dead. At the bottom of the stairs, stood a man in black clothes, wearing a blank white mask.

"AHHHH!" Jamie woke up in a panic, her cereal bowl crashing to the floor and shattering.

"Jamie!" Mr. and Mrs. Corruthers ran into the kitchen at the sound of their daughter's screams.

Jamie stared at them, dazed and confused for a moment before she realized what happened. It was just a dream.

She stood up and rushed past them out of the kitchen.

"Jamie?" her mother called in a worried voice.

Jamie ignored her. She ran upstairs to her bedroom. She threw herself on the bed and sobbed into her pillow.

"Just leave me alone," she whispered, though no one was there to hear her.

Just then, her chest started heaving. Her breathes were coming in short gasps. She turned on her back and began shaking, as though she were having a seizer. Images began flashing through her mind. She was walking down a familiar street. Leaves scattered the grass. She stopped outside a dilapidated old house. She walked up the porch steps. She pushed open the screen door with a burnt, scarred hand.

Fresh air filled her lungs. It felt as though she had gone deep underwater and just now broke the surface. She hadn't felt that in almost five years. And the visionâ€|

"He's back," she said to herself, rubbing her forehead.

She reached over to the small drawer next to her bed and pulled out a small card. It was a business card. It read: Dr. Samuel Loomis.

End  
file.